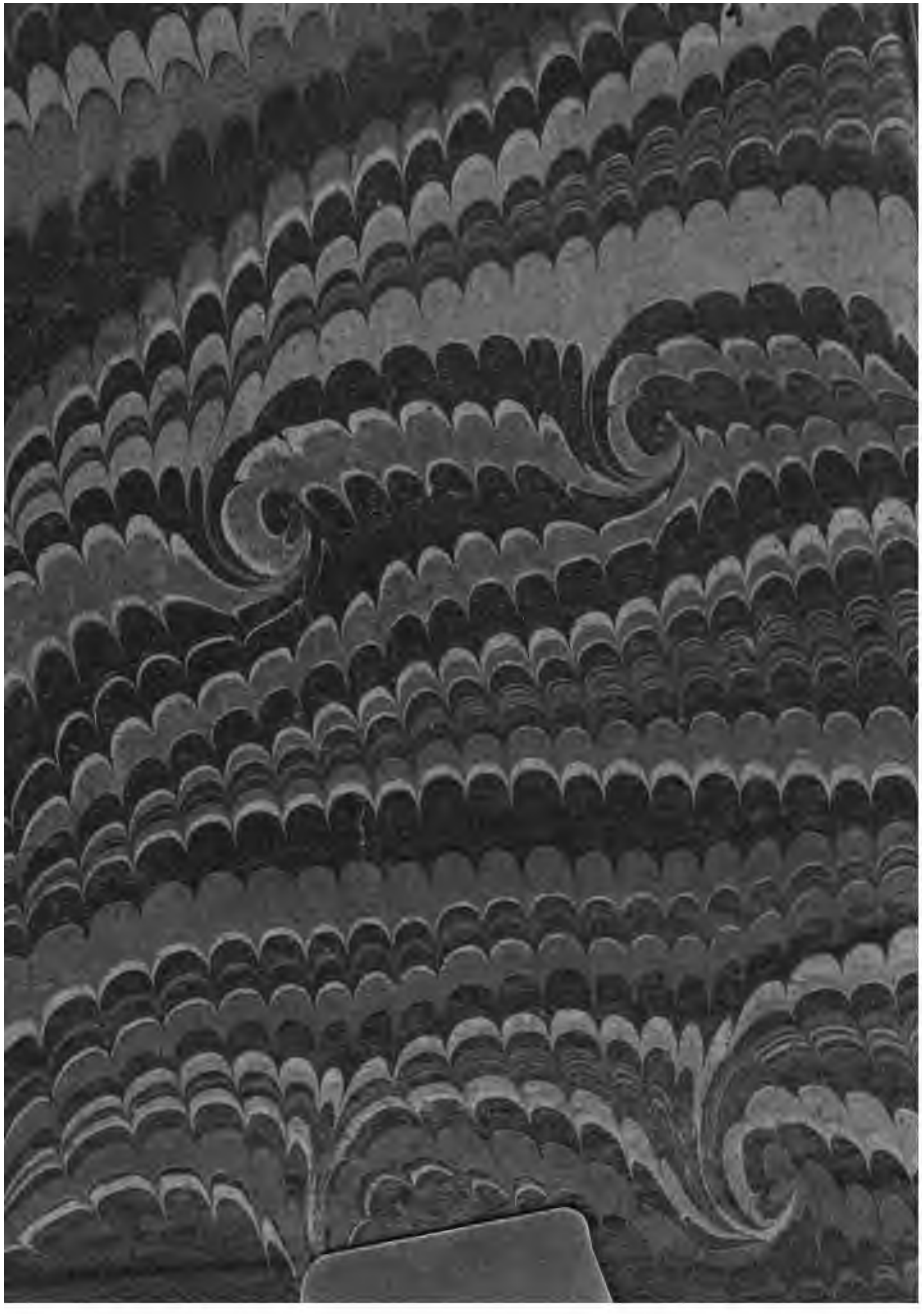

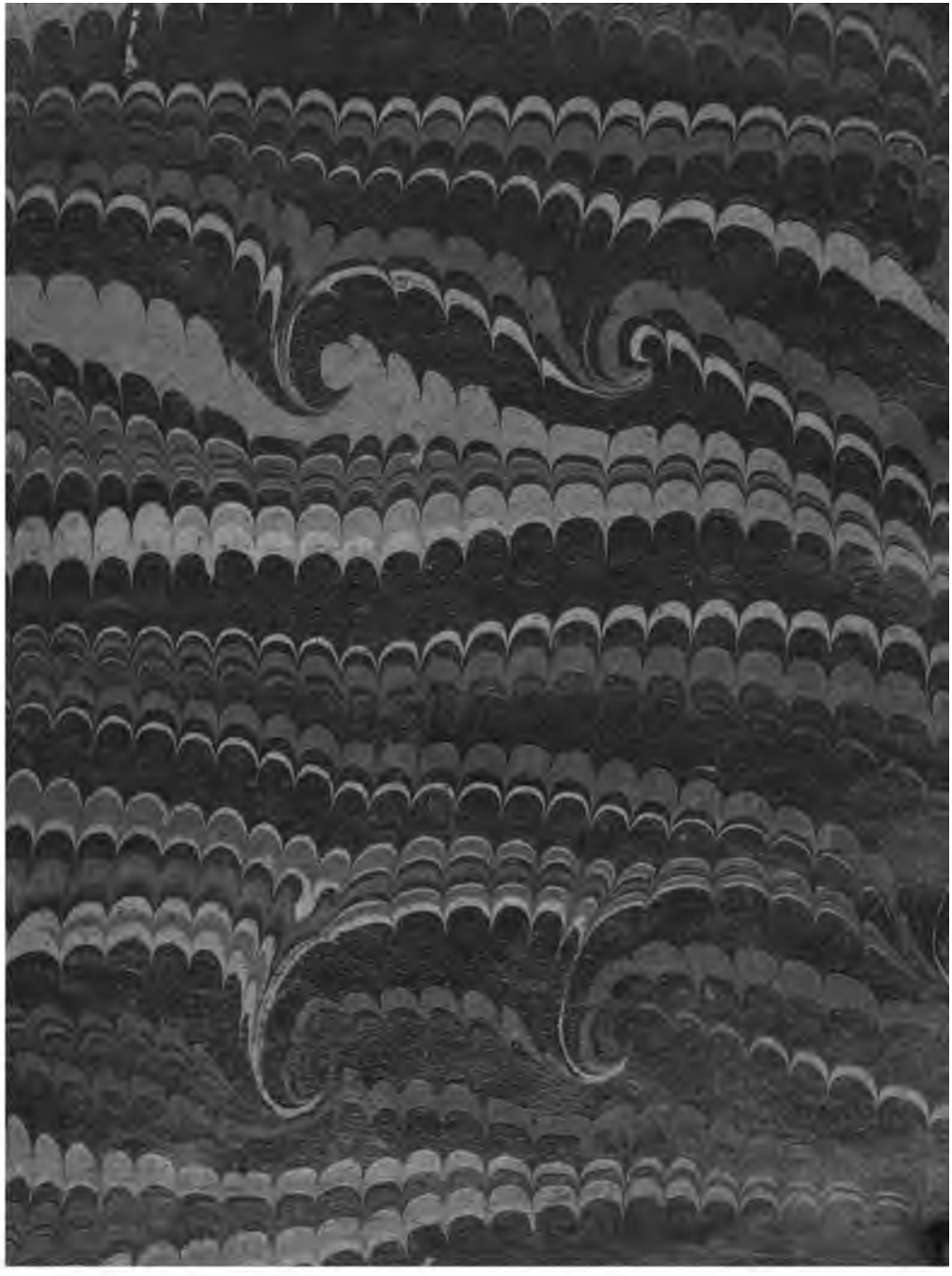

3/6

POEMS

On various SUBJECTS,

Divine, Moral and *Entertaining*:

THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

Mr. *JACOB AXFORD*,

OF THE CITY OF BATH,

Late Surgeon of his Majesty's Ship, Scipio;

Written for his own AMUSEMENT.

BATH:

Printed by S. MARTIN, just without WEST-GATE.

MDCCLXIV.

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Good Nature and good Sense must ever join:
To Err is Human, to forgive DIVINE. POPE.

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Seventh Chapter of PROVERBS,

Attempted in English Verse.

ATTEND my Son with reverential Fear,
With filial Awe m' instructive Precepts hear,
Deep in thy Breast the sage Advice record,
And Length of Days shall be thy great Reward.

To sacred Wisdom strict Allegiance pay,
Observe her Precepts, and her Laws obey;
Court her Alliance, and her Aid implore
To turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door.
Assiduous Virtue shall her Friendship gain,
And Vice and Flattery spend their Shafts in Vain?

For late, as Ev'ning clos'd the sultry Day,
And Night's pale Regent re-asum'd her Sway,
I from my Window cast a pitying Eye,
On the gay Crowds that ran unthinking by:
Thence I with Pain discern'd a thoughtless Youth;
His Looks estrang'd to Virtue and to Truth:
With headlong Steps the Victim past the Street,
To seek the Harlot, and his Ruin meet.

With dire Succeſs his wanton Wiſhes crown'd,
Too ſoon alaſs! the fatal Fair he found.
The artful Countenance, the glaring Dreſs
Proclaim the Harlot, and her Mind expreſs.
With Noiſe indecent obſtinately loud,
With rambling Footſteps born from Crowd to Crowd.
Only eſtrang'd to Virtue, and to Home,
Thro' every Street the Wanton loves to roam:
Deſtructive Baits for Virtue to prepare,
And at each Corner ſpread the ſubtle Snare.
With Looks laſcivious and immodeſt Joy
She caught and kiſs'd the young deluded Boy:
And thus with Smiles alluring boldly ſaid
" To Day my Offerings and my Vows are paid:
" To ſeek thy Face, I came, nor came in vain,
" Since the lov'd Sight rewards the well-ſpent Pain;
" *Arabia's* Spices, and her rich Perfumes
" With grateful Odours fill my fragrant Rooms;
" And curious Tap'ſtries in nice Order ſpread,
" Adorn my Chamber, and ſurround my Bed:
" For Sports luxurious let us now prepare,
" And the rich Joys that faithful Lovers ſhare;
" With growing Pleaſures ſhall our Hours attend
" Till envious Morning bid thoſe Pleaſures end:
" Far from his Home, on tedious Buſineſs call'd
" My Huſband left me with his Preſence pall'd:
" Nor ſhall his quick return our Joys allay;
" Affairs require, and Gold ſupports his Stay."

Upon her Lips ſuch flatt'ring Miſchief hung,
Such ſoft Perſuaſion dwelt upon her Tongue;

Enſnar'd he ſunk ſupinely to her Arms
Th' unwary Victim of her vicious Charms:
As heedleſs Oxen to the Slaughter go,
And Thoughtleſs Fools receive the chaſt'ning Blow:
As Birds unthinking haſten to the Snare,
Nor fear the Loſs of Life or Freedom there:
The Captive Youth devours the ſpecious Bait,
Nor dreads th' Effects that on his Error wait,
Till inborn Tortures tell him 'tis too late.

Hear then, my Children; to my Words attend,
Her Paths decline, nor to her Gates deſcend;
For ſure Deſtruction waits on all her Ways,
The Strong ſhe conquers, and the Brave diſmays;
To Death's dark Chambers all her Pleaſures tend,
And only in eternal Ruin end.

A Sacred HYMN.

I.

MY God, for I will call thee mine,
That glorious Claim I'll ne'er reſign:
Teach me my grateful Voice to raiſe
In Sounds that ſuit my Maker's Praiſe.

II.

I ſing th' almighty Power of God,
In all his Works diſplay'd abroad;
That Power that ſpake the World from Nought,
And to ſuch vaſt Perfection brought.

III.

I sing the Power whose high Command
Supports the Produce of his Hand:
Its beauteous Order still maintains,
And o'er extended Nature reigns.

IV.

I sing the Power whose quick'ning Word,
Spake from the Dust Creation's LORD:
Man, of his Works the last and best;
And stampt his Image on his Breast.

V.

But oh! what Numbers shall I find,
To tell the Raptures of my Mind;
When I would join the Blest above,
And sing of GOD's redeeming Love.

VI.

Come Saints and Sinners with me join:
Adore the Depths of Love Divine:
Receive and bless the proffer'd Grace;
Salvation to your fallen Race.

VII.

Behold the Son of GOD comes down;
He leaves the Glories of his Throne!
Your Nature takes, assumes your Load
Of Sin, and drinks the Wrath of GOD.

VIII.

He bears the Guilt, the Wrath your Due,
Revil'd, contemn'd, and scourg'd for you:

Nor ſpares the Torrent of his Blood,
But richly pours the crimſon Flood.

IX.

For you the ſacred Fountain rolls,
Tis ſhed to cleanſe polluted Souls;
To waſh your guilty Stains away,
And bring you to eternal Day.

X.

Behold him bleed, and pant, and die,
See him expire on Calvary:
For you, your GOD ſubmits to Death!
The LORD of Life reſigns his Breath!

XI.

Earth's Centre trembles with Affright;
The Sun retiring veils his Light:
Horror and Darkneſs reign abroad,
And Nature ſuffers with her GOD.

XII.

'Tis done, the great Atonement's made,
For Guilt the laſt Oblation paid:
Sin, Death, and Hell are all o'ercome,
And buried in a Saviour's Tomb.

XIII.

See him to Life eternal riſe:
See him regain his native Skies:
See him to GOD's Right Hand aſcend,
Your Interceſſor, and your Friend.

XIV.

Triumphant now he reigns on high,
In mild resplendent Majesty:
He speaks the Merit of his Blood,
And pleads for every Soul with GOD.

XV.

Far as Creation's ample Round;
To distant Earth's remotest Bound;
Ye Servants of the LORD, proclaim
The universal Saviour's Name.

XVI.

Boldly declare he died for all:
On every Sinner loudly call:
Call every ransom'd Soul to GOD
Nor dare confine the Saviour's Blood.

XVII.

Assert that all on him may feast;
All may his great Salvation taste;
And all with *Christ* forever shine,
Array'd in Righteousness Divine.

The Fifteenth PSALM.

I.

WHO shall inhabit LORD,
Within thy holy Hill;
Upon thy sacred Altar wait
And in thy Presence dwell!

II.

The Man whose Life is pure,
And righteous all his Deeds;
Whose Lips untainted speak the Truth
That from his Heart proceeds.

III.

Whose Tongue abhors Deceit;
His Hands unstain'd with Guile:
And hates the Ways that Slanderers use
His Neighbour's Name to spoil.

IV.

Whose Heart unpuft with Pride,
Seems lowly in his Sight:
Regards the Servants of the LORD
And loves them Day and Night.

V.

Who to his Neighbour swears,
Nor breaks the sacred Vow;
Tho' Disappointments to himself
From the Performance flow.

VI.

Who helps th' industrious Poor,
Without the Usurer's Price;
And stands the Guard of Innocence
Against th' Attacks of Vice.

VII.

Who thus with stedfast Faith,
Abstains from every Ill,
Shall walk secure, and never fall;
For GOD supports him still.

The Eighth PSALM.

I.

MY King, my Saviour, and my God,
How glorious is thy Name!
The Heavens proclaim thy Praiſe abroad
Thro' all their ſhining Frame.

II.

While Babes that hang upon the Breaſt
Declare th' Almighty's Praiſe,
Abaſh'd and mute thy Foes appear
In Wonder and Amaze.

III.

Thy Works O LORD, when I ſurvey
Heaven's glorious Canopy;
And all thoſe glittering Worlds of Light
That deck the azure Sky.

IV.

What then is Man, my Soul enquires,
Tranſported at ſuch Grace,
Or whence this Favour of the LORD,
To Man's unworthy Race!

V.

Man, whom but few Degrees below
Thine Angels thou haſt plac'd,
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Honours crown'd
And with ſuch Glories grac'd.

VI.

With universal Power endow'd
  O'er all thy Works below;
And bid th' extended World around
  To his Dominion bow.

VII.

The lowing Herds, the numerous Flocks,
  And every Kind of Beast
That fill the flow'ry Plains, and on
  The verdant Pasture feast.

VIII.

The feather'd Choristers of Air,
  They chaunt their Maker's Praise;
The numerous Reptiles of the Earth
  And all the scaly Race.

IX.

How glorious is thy Name, O LORD,
  How excellent abroad!
The Heavens, and Earth, and all therein
  Proclaim th' Eternal GOD.

A HYMN,

Occasion'd by seeing a Manuscript on natural and reveal'd Religion.

I.

WHERE shall my raptur'd Soul begin
  Thy Praises, O my GOD and King?
Within thy Courts I'll seek thy Face,
And tell the Wonders of thy Grace.

II.

The LORD is known in all his Ways,
The whole Creation ſpeaks his Praiſe;
And Nature's Voice declares aloud
Her Maker and Support is GOD.

III.

Each various Object that we view
Proclaims th' Almighty Eſſence true:
And every Part of every Sphere,
Acknowledges Jehovah there.

IV.

The glorious Sun that ſhines on high,
The glittering Spangles of the Sky
From him derive their borrow'd Rays,
And join to celebrate his Praiſe.

V.

The regularly rolling Year
Does his almighty Fiat hear;
While Summer, Winter, Night and Day
His all-controuling Voice obey.

VI.

Thro' the vaſt Ocean he preſides,
He rules the Winds, and ſtates the Tides:
While all in this Confeſſion join,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

VII.

He bids the wide Creation know
Man, his Vicegerent here below;

Whose intellectual Powers proclaim
Th' almighty and eternal Name.

VIII.

His Works with Wonder I survey,
His Power and Goodness these display:
But more the sacred Page I love,
Where he reveals him from above.

IX.

I read the well known Volume o'er;
His Truth and Mercy I adore:
Hence springs Delight that ne'er can cloy,
For Contemplation swells the Joy.

X.

'Tis here he shines divinely bright,
Plac'd in the most endearing Light:
Redeemer, Saviour, Father, Friend,
And GOD of Hope when Time shall end.

XI.

Here he has wrote the Law divine,
Here the bright Beams of Mercy shine:
And here the glorious Means are shown,
Of Grace and Pardon thro' his Son.

XII.

This godlike Truth has long been known,
The LORD has vouch'd it as his own:
Wonders and Signs have made it good,
And *Christ* has seal'd it with his Blood.

XIII.

Amazing Sense of heav'nly Love
This Goodness O my Soul improve,
Thy Saviour's gen'rous Terms embrace,
And fly for Refuge to his Grace.

After a dangerous Voyage, a miraculous Escape from the Enemy, and a Fit of Illness.

I.

AWAKE my Soul with sacred Joy,
And all thy nobler Power employ
To bless the great Jehovah's Name,
The GOD from whom those Powers came;
Extend thy Voice, and tune thy Strings,
And loudly bless the King of Kings.

II.

He rear'd thee from the drooping Grave,
He check'd the loud insulting Wave;
Bid the proud Deep its Limits know,
And sav'd thee from the threat'ning Foe:
Then raise thy Voice and tune thy Strings,
And loudly bless the King of Kings.

III.

With grateful Heart adore his Name,
Tell to the distant World his Fame;
Praise him in most exalted Lays,
Nor only speak, but live his Praise:
Thus raise thy Voice, thus tune thy Strings,
Thus ever bless the King of Kings.

THOUGHTS in a CALM. at SEA.

SEE the wide Convex of th' extended Main
Seems to the wond'ring Eye a glassy Plain.
The gentle Zephyrs now forget to creep
O'er the smooth Surface of th' untrobled Deep.
The useless Sails hang pendant to the Mast,
The Ship unmov'd amidst the watry Waste.
The ruder Winds confine their angry Breath,
And Nature's calm as in the Arms of Death.
Not so when Winds contending Winds engage,
And lash the Billows with impetuous Rage;
Waves roll o'er Waves with undistinguish'd Roar,
The foaming Surge breaks dreadful on the Shore;
Vast watry Mountains threat the low'ring Sky,
The yawning Ocean Shocks th' affrighted Eye.
Disorder wild spreads o'er the vast Profound,
And universal Horror reigns around.
So lawless Passions in the human Breast
Disturb our Peace, and rob the Mind of Rest;
Ambition, Anger, Envy, or Revenge,
O'erturn the Man, and all his Powers unhinge:
Or Lust unbridled boiling in the Veins
Erects the Seat where mad Confusion reigns;
And lawless Anarchy usurps the Rule
In these impetuous Sallies of the Soul.
But when bright Reason re-asumes her Throne,
Exerts her Power, and makes her Empire known;
Th' unruly Fury of the Blood subsides,
Serene and calm the gentle Torrent glides;
The lawless Outrages of Passion cease,
The Brute subdued, the Man appears at Peace;

Bids awful Wisdom in his Bosom reign,
Nor bears the Image of his GOD in vain.

On my sudden going on board the ORFORD and her leaving the Land.

AND must I go? so sudden the Surprize!
Not one last Look to feed my longing Eyes?
No Time to tell the Part'ner of my Heart,
How long, or wherefore we so soon must part?
Be torn from all, that ALL my Soul held dear?
My Life, my Love, my Blifs, my All was her.
The kind Companion of each anxious Hour,
Fair Nature's Pride, and Virtue's choicest Flower:
Whose Conversation charm'd the tedious Day,
Whilst the wing'd Hours stole unperceiv'd away:
Who soft'ned Anguish with the Sweets of Love,
The last best Blessing of all bounteous Jove.

The Orford now, impatient for the Seas,
Waits the Conveyance of a gentle Breeze.
Th' expectant Seaman now with eager Eyes
Sees the kind Zephyrs o'er the Waters rise.
The Waters whiten with th' auspicious Gales
That fan the Air, and fill the swelling Sails:
The lofty Vessel thro' the liquid Way
Triumphant rides, and cuts the yielding Sea:
To fair *Britannia* bids a long Adieu,
And with far distant Countries in her View
Mounts o'er the Billows, glides along the Main,
Nor leaves th' Impression on the watry Plain.

Adieu, fair *Britain*, native lovely Isle,
On whom Heaven deigns propitiously to smile;
Bright regal Seat of Princes and of Kings,
To whom each distant World its Tribute brings:
Blest Soil, where Plenty reigns thro' every Part,
Where bounteous Ceres chears each honest Heart:
Where every Blessing Nature can demand
The GOD of Nature gives with liberal Hand;
And all that Luxury can require, or Pride,
Is by the obedient Sea from far suppli'd:
Where pure Religion shines divinely bright;
Untainted here, and in its native Light:
Where Heaven born Liberty uprears it's Head,
Its Godlike Influence thro' the Land to spread;
Where beauteous Virgins crown each amorous Swain,
And happy Subjects bless great George's Reign:
Farwel fair Isle! may every Blessing crown
Thy happy Shore, and mark it with Renown:
Thy mighty Arms may Conquest still attend,
Till haughty *Spain* shall sue to be thy Friend:
Till *Europe*'s Foes be greatly overthrown,
France find Submission and *Lorrain* a Throne:
O may no Faction vex thy friendly Shore,
But Peace prevail, and Discord be no more:
May differing Parties lay their Hatred by,
Ambition cease, and baneful Envy die:
Bliss, Love, and Union reign throughout thy Isle,
And Joys eternal on thy Natives smile.

The mighty Vessel lab'ring with the Wind,
By narrow Seas no longer now confin'd,

To the vast Ocean wings her watry Way,
And cuts her Passage thro' th' Atlantic Sea.

So when th' immortal Soul and Body part,
And Nature's Call o'er-powers the Strength of Art;
Th' aerial Mind from the embodying Clay
At the dread Summons breaks like Light away;
And, from the narrow Bound of Time set free,
Plunges into th' Abyss of vast Eternity:
Stupendous Thought! here stop my Soul, and know
Th' amazing Change that all must undergo:
When pale Disease proclaims thy parting Breath,
And sick'ning Nature tells approaching Death;
When the grim King of Terrors shall appear,
Thy tott'ring Frame when strong Convulsions tare:
How wilt thou dare to view thy future State?
Or stand the Shock of thy incumbent Fate?
Dar'st thou reflect upon that awful Day,
When the great Judge in terrible Array,
To doom the guilty and the just to clear,
In all his Father's Glory shall appear?
Leaves conscious Guilt no Stain upon thy Mind?
Hast thou no unrepented Vice behind?
Within the secret Chamber of thy Breast,
Lurks there no guilty no deceitful Guest?
Is all serene, and calm, and clear within?
Does Recollection tell no darling Sin?

Then boldly venture on the unknown Shore;
Death with his Terrors can affright no more:
Beyond the peaceful Mansions of the Grave,
No dismal Views thy guiltless Mind can have:

No Hopes, no Cares, thy Peace shall e'er annoy,
But Death shall prove thy Entrance into Joy:
When on the Bed of Sickness thou shalt lie,
And thy weak Frame shall totter, sink and die,
Thy conscious Innocence thy Mind shall chear,
And glorious Prospects op'ning shall appear:
Blest Choirs of Angels wait thy fleeting Soul,
And circling Joys thro' endless Ages roll.

Eternity shall short liv'd Time devour,
And Guilt, and Pain, and Sorrow be no more.

To a LADY on her MARRIAGE.

MADAM,

SINCE you've receiv'd another to your Breast,
Spite of the Pangs that rob my Soul of Rest;
To him resign'd that radient Blaze of Charms,
And blest him in the Circle of your Arms;
Thus unrelenting will I curse the Bride,
That gave to him what she to me deny'd;
And you, ye sacred Powers attend my Cause,
Patrons of Love, and Honour, and their Laws,
Bright Cytherea, Cupid, Hymen too;
You heard her Vows, to you Revenge is due;
I call ye all; fly swiftly to my Aid,
And show'r my Curses on the faithless Maid;
May the first Pains that ever Woman bare,
The Pains of being a Mother fall on her;
May every growing Year those Pains return
And every growing Year a Babe be born;

'Till the bright Charms that now adorn her Face,
Shall bloom thro' twenty of her Infant Race.
Ye Powers propitious ſtill preſerve her Life,
That ſhe may live to be an antient Wife;
And that great Curſe which beauteous Women dread,
The Curſe of Age adorn her ſilver'd Head.
May the dear Man that has obtain'd her Heart,
Reign the ſole Monarch of that flutt'ring Part:
Curſe her with conſtant kind rewarding Love,
And every Action of her Life approve.
No Separation may they ever know,
No ſingle Bleſſing, and no ſingle Woe,
But Hand in Hand thro' every Period go,
'Till to the ſilent Grave they both deſcend,
And there my Envy and my Curſes end.

To Dorinda.—A Song.—Tune, *Dying Swain.*

WHEN Chance firſt threw me in your Way,
I felt a pleaſing Smart;
I ſeem'd delighted, briſk, and gay,
Nor dreamt of Cupid's Dart.

I gaz'd with Rapture on your Eyes,
Each Feature I admir'd;
But ſoon my Heart was made your Prize,
With Love my Breaſt was fir'd.

With Flames unknown my Boſom glow'd,
Which on my Vitals prey'd;
With Pain I left the lov'd Abode
Of you, Cæleſtial Maid.

Nor Absence cou'd the Flame allay,
But fiercer still it grew:
You're all my Thoughts the live-long Day,
My Dream is only you.

Some Power celestial take my Part,
Assist me from above,
With Pity move her tender Heart,
And melt her into Love.

Heal, heal the Wounds your Eyes have made,
Nor give me to Despair,
Extend your Pity for my Aid
And take me to your Care.

Tis you alone can ease my Mind
And fix my future Fate;
For ever happy, if you're kind,
Or wretched in your Hate.

Then bless me with your radiant Charms,
Be generous as you're fair;
I'll fly like Light'ning to your Arms,
And dwell for ever there.

To Dorinda, from the *West-Indies*, on receiving a Letter from her.

WHEN tedious Absence to despair
Had almost sunk my Mind,
Had fill'd my Soul with gloomy Care,
Nor left one Joy behind;

When anxious Hopes, and doubtful Fears
My Bosom had possest;
And soft Repose had long been grown
A Stranger to my Breast;

When Days, and Weeks, and Months past on
Without one Line from you;
And all my Fancy con'd suggest
My Fears proclaim'd was true:

How did my raptur'd Heart exult,
And how reviv'd my Flame,
When on the charming Page I read
The dear Dorinda's Name?

Dorinda, beauteous as the Flowers
That rear their op'ning Heads,
When the warm Sun enliv'ning glows
Upon their verdant Beds.

Dorinda, fragrant as the Rose
That sheds it's rich Perfume,
Chaste as the new descending Snow,
Or Infants in the Womb.

Dorinda, blest beyond her Sex,
While o'er our Hearts she reigns,
Delights to make her Captives smile,
And triumph in their Chains.

The happy Virgin Paper tells
The Thoughts her Heart inspires;
Pure Emblem of her spotless Mind,
And of her chaste Desires.

Abſence and Time have loſt their Power,
For ſhe is ſtill the ſame;
Her matchleſs Conſtancy and Truth
Support and feed my Flame.

Ye ſacred Powers that guard the juſt
Reward her gen'rous Care;
Let every choiceſt Bleſſing crown
The Virtuous and the Fair.

Swiftly ye tardy Minutes fly,
And bring the Time to Light,
When Abſence ſhall no more divide
Whom Love and Faith unite.

When ſacred Hymen's genial Rites
Shall fix Dorinda's Power;
Reſtore us to each others Arms,
And nothing part us more.

HORACE, Book the 1ſt, Ode the 5th, done at Ten Years old.

CLOE, what ſimple tender Youth,
(Ignorant as yet of all but Truth)
Sports with you on a roſy Bed,
Or on your Breaſt reclines his Head;
For whom your golden Locks you bind,
Or give them looſely to the Wind?
How often He'll lament his Fate,
Your broken Faith lament too late,
Lament his adverſe Deities,
And wonder at the ruffled Seas?

(Whose only Thoughts of fickle you
Are that you're fair and ever true)
When to his Cost the Wretch shall find
You're more inconstant than the Wind.
*The Wall whereon my Danger's wrote,
Declares, to Neptune I devote
Wet with the Sea my briny Coat.

Design'd for Music on the Eleventh of *June*.

PHOEBUS, Ruler of the Skies,
With distinguish'd Rays arise,
And with redoubled Lustre crown
The happy, the auspicious Day
That gave to George imperial Sway,
And fixt him on the British Throne.

Let the thund'ring Cannon roar,
And Ecoho tell from Shore to Shore,
The Joy that every *Briton* wore;
When with a propitious Smile
The guardian Genius of our Isle,
Plac'd the Scepter in his Hand,
And led him to his high Command.

Grateful *Britons* bless the Day,
To George your chearful Homage pay:
Let Envy, Faction, Discord die;
And only tune your Hearts to Joy.

*This alludes to an ancient Practice amongst the Heathens: When they were in any Danger at Sea they invoked their God (Neptune) for Succour: And if they escaped with Life, they immediately hung up in his Temple, the Garments in which they were saved, and by them, on the Wall, they wrote the Circumstances of the Story.

A C R O S T I C.

M use tell the Nymph who causes all my Pains
A n honest Heart is fetter'd in her Chains;
R elate how pure my Flame; the Cause declare;
Y outh, Witt and Beauty center all in her;

G o some kind Zephyr, whisper in her Ear,
R each her soft Heart; she'll not disdain to hear
I n moving Accents how I burn for her;
F orget not how Love's Fire at first arose;
F orget not how more lively still it grows;
I mplore her Pity on the Pains I bear,
T ell her I dream, talk, think of nought but her.
H ear gentle Maid, and ease my tortur'd Breast,
S ince you alone can ever make me blest.

A Song made in the Beginning of a Cruise, in his Majesty's Ship Orford, commanded by Capt. Mayne.

Tune, *Charles of Sweden.*

COME my Lads let us be gay,
Let every Man look jolly,
And while we cruise in Quest of Prey
Banish Melancholy:
Commanded by the valiant *Mayne*
We'll range all o'er the liquid Plain
Striking Terror into *Spain*
In the flying Orford.

Free from Discord, Care and Strife,
Full of Joy and Pleasure,
Jovial is the Sailor's Life
And happy beyond Measure;
For as the flowing Bowl goes round,
Our Hours with Mirth shall all be crown'd
And each Man's Lass's Health resound
Thro' the flying Orford.

Thus triumphant as we sail
In Quest of Gold and Fame Boys;
Spain shall tremble at our Sight,
And dread the *British* Name Boys;
For soon an Instance they shall see
Of *British* Force and Bravery;
If once we meet them on the Sea,
In the flying Orford.

Then let our Commander's Health
In Bumpers briskly flow Boys,
While we with him exert our Strength
To quell *Old England's* Foe Boys;
We'll every Thought of Danger slight,
And under him like *Britons* fight,
To do our injur'd Nation right
In the flying Orford.

A Song made at the End of the same Cruise on taking a *French* Sloop, laden with *Spanish* Gold.

ORFORDS rejoice, behold your Prize,
And seize the glorious Spoil;
The glittering Gold that charms your Eyes
Shall crown your warlike Toil.

France shall no more her Wiles employ
To screen desponding *Spain*;
Old England's Genius still prevails,
And all their Art is vain.

Conquest and Wealth shall still attend
Where Mayne shall lead the Way,
Whose gen'rous brave untainted Soul
We all with Pride obey.

A *French* EPIGRAM.

REMPLI ton Verre vuide
Vúidez votre Verre rempli,
Je n'aime pas voir dans vos mains
Une verre vuide ou rempli.

IMITATION of the Above.

FILL to the Brim the sparkling Glass,
Thence quaff the glorious Potion;
I hate to see a Moment pass
Without the Glass in Motion.

A POEM on the much lamented Death of Mrs. MARY CHANDLER.

Inscribed to her two surviving Sisters, Sept. 13, 1745.

YE much-lov'd Mourners, dear lamenting Pair,
In all whose Griefs most tenderly I share;
For whom my Soul would gladly quit Repose,
Forget her own, and mingle in your Woes;
Join in your Sorrows, count your ev'ry Tear,
Bid you once more your drooping Spirits chear;
Submit with Patience to the afflictive Rod,
Look up resign'd and own the Hand of God:
Decent and just, and pious is your Grief,
And Tears are all Mortality's Relief:
But let those Tears in Moderation flow;
And feel, but Scorn to sink beneath your Woe.
Tender and close the Tie that Nature draws,
Yet closer still bind sacred Friendship's Laws,
And you have lost in her lamented End,
The dearest Sister, and most faithful Friend:
A kind Companion in your ev'ry Care,
A wise Director in each nice Affair;
A perfect Pattern of a Sister's Love,
And near Resemblance of the Blest above.
But she is gone to everlasting Joy;
Peace undisturb'd and Rest that ne'er can cloy:
To endless Bliss, to Happiness divine,
Where Saints departed in full Glory shine;
To the bright Regions of unclouded Light,
Where perfect Spirits in one Work unite;

In glorious Concert praise unbounded Grace,
And see unveil'd their dear Redeemer's Face.
Was there whom Poverty, or Pain distrest,
For whom Compassion mov'd not in her Breast?
With whom she did not simpathize in Grief,
Or lend Assistance, or afford Relief?
Was there a Good within her Power to do,
That she did not with Eagerness pursue;
And nobly aim, with Piety sincere,
At every generous Action in her Sphere?
Oft has my Soul with Admiration hung
Upon the enchanting Music of her Tongue:
While all her Words from pure Religion flow'd;
With sacred Science every Sentence glow'd;
While noblest Maxims dwelt in every Line,
And every Accent taught us Truths Divine:
*'Twas thus she sung of Heavenly Wisdom's Ways;
For Life returning tun'd her Songs of Praise:
Of sacred Friendship told the dear Delight;
Warn'd the young Fair to use her Charms aright:
Of lawless Pleasures bid the Gay beware,
Th' intemperate Sinner shun the sparkling Snare:
And shew'd Remorse, and Pain, and dire Disease,
The sure Effects of Luxury and Ease.
'Twas thus she sung: Heav'n all her Lays approv'd,
And now she triumphs in that Heav'n she lov'd.
For her we grieve, we mourn for her in vain;
Our greatest Loss is her abundant Gain.
Yet Nature asks the Tribute of our Tears,
And claims the Grief, the Mourner's Visage wears,

*These Lines allude to some Passages in Mrs. CHANDLER's Poems.

But ſhe has left a glorious Name behind,
Pure as her Life, and ſpotleſs as her Mind:
For all who knew her, in our Sorrows join;
All to lament her earneſtly combine;
Ev'n Party's Self once lays her Hatred by,
And undiſtinguiſh'd Tears drop faſt from every Eye.
Long e'er the laſt, the fatal Illneſs came,
The Soul impriſon'd in a feeble Frame;
With numerous frequent Illneſſes oppreſt,
With various Trials various Pains diſtreſt;
With wond'rous Patience bore the heavy Load,
Prayer her Relief, and all her Truſt was God.
For pure Religion all her Life inſpir'd,
And pure Devotion ever Action fir'd:
Her Maker's Worſhip was her chief Delight,
And all her Glory was to act aright.
Theſe were the Rules that form'd her well-ſpent Life,
Theſe the ſupports that in the dying Strife
When Nature fail'd, and every Hope was paſt,
And every Gaſp 'twas fear'd would be her laſt;
While yet ſhe ſtruggled for departing Breath,
In all the keeneſt Agonies of Death;
Taught her thoſe utmoſt Agonies to brave,
And ſmile at all the Terrors of the Grave;
She hop'd a better World, a State ſecure
From all the Miſeries Mortals here endure:
She hop'd a State of everlaſting Reſt,
Serenely happy and ſublimely bleſt:
Nor was her Truſt nor were her Hopes deceiv'd;
He was her Strength in whom ſhe had believ'd:

Her Faith ſhe held, in all her Trials faſt,
And found her GOD ſupport her to the laſt,
She bore with Patience all that Heav'n aſſign'd,
Strong was her Virtue, and her Will reſign'd:
Nor long ſhe languiſh'd on the Bed of Death,
Heav'n heard the Prayer of her expiring Breath:
From Pain, in Mercy, ſent a kind Releaſe,
And bid the longing Soul depart in Peace:
Enough her Virtue and her Faith were tried;
She ſunk into her Saviour's Arms and died.

Grant but this one Requeſt, O Power Divine!
Let ſuch a Life, and ſuch a Death be mine.

FINIS.